

WOUNDED HEROES POKE FUN AND EAT

Not a Melancholy Face Among
10,000 Who Chaff Passing
Comrades.

CRIPPLES GAYEST OF ALL

Some Patients Lose Seats
When Police Order Chairs
Down Near Cathedral.

Disagreeable as the task is, it is stated publicly and without pathos that the 10,000 wounded soldiers, sailors and marines who saw the parade from park benches, chairs and window seats, which had been assigned them, instead of lending a tone of gloom to the great gathering, were the gayest of the bunch. They were laughing and joking, and some were even eating and drinking. They were the gayest of the bunch, and they were the gayest of the bunch.

Some of the wounded soldiers, sailors and marines who saw the parade from park benches, chairs and window seats, which had been assigned them, instead of lending a tone of gloom to the great gathering, were the gayest of the bunch. They were laughing and joking, and some were even eating and drinking. They were the gayest of the bunch, and they were the gayest of the bunch.

drinks. O-O-C a drink? (this to a First Lieutenant) it may seem, nobody ordered him instead of suppressing his chuckle long and loudly and abetted himself with the same "O-O-C" once he had finished his drink. He was the gayest of the bunch, and he was the gayest of the bunch.

Exchange of Merry Quips. As their cars crept slowly along they informed their maligners on the park benches and stands that they should be carrying loads instead of sitting down. They were the gayest of the bunch, and they were the gayest of the bunch.

There were of course some moments when even the relatives of the wounded soldiers, sailors and marines who saw the parade from park benches, chairs and window seats, which had been assigned them, instead of lending a tone of gloom to the great gathering, were the gayest of the bunch.

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stands. Further north, at Fifty-ninth street, where shell shock cases from the Mesiah Home and Gun Hill Road Hospital and wound from the Rockefeller Institute Hospital. Police Inspector Thomas Myers ordered 300 chairs that had been placed for wounded soldiers in front of the Mesiah Home and Gun Hill Road Hospital and wound from the Rockefeller Institute Hospital.

Incidents of the Parade

When the city government moved up town in the morning City Hall Park was taken over by Mulberry Bend. From Little Italy paraded informally hundreds of casuals, mostly mothers with babies in arms. They were to be seen all afternoon, sitting on the front steps of the building, sewing, feeding the youngsters and swapping gossip of the town.

Gov. Smith and two of his sons were of the multitude that breakfasted away from home. They prepared for the day's exertions by eating ham and eggs in a Childs restaurant not far from City Hall. Grover, Whelan, the Mayor's secretary, breakfasted from a lunch box while sitting in an automobile.

ber of old Twenty-seventh men already in civilian life after discharge from hospitals, found themselves unprovided with cars at the start. It was expected that the parade would have a tonic effect upon the shell shocked soldiers from Mesiah Home, who occupied the camouflaged stand just north of the red, green, orange, purple, pink and blue mountain which had been made for the parade. Each man was accompanied by an attendant, and Major George H. Kirby, head of the Neuro-psychiatric Service, and Lieut. M. P. Schaffer were also present.

The band of the 102d Engineers treated New York to one of its first tastes of "Madelon," the great marching song of the police. And they did it in an Americanized style that would have surprised the band of the Garde Republicaine. In fact they jaxxed it in a fashion to set the shimmie shaking. They put everything into it, including the bugles of the field music.

A veteran patrolman who used to handle crowds of 30,000 at the Polo Grounds estimated that when the parade broke up there were 100,000 people within a circle of 100 feet centering at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

Pretty girls of the Catholic Woman's League were allowed to line both sides of Fifth avenue in front of the Knights of Columbus reviewing stand at St. Patrick's Cathedral. From time to time they threw flowers to the marchers. To Father Kelly, the fighting chaplain of the Twenty-seventh, they presented a big bunch of roses. The stand was filled with Catholic priests and dignitaries, members of the order and guests.

day but to-day. After the parade you can help me carry it home. But the lady's promise, her hopes and the box were shattered by the police after she had carried it all the way to Fifth avenue.

There is one mounted orderly of the division headquarters who is a lucky man. He was riding a beautiful big, spirited black. Just below Twenty-third street the big black pulled out of the rank, decided to jump over the Flatiron Building and went up into the air on his hind legs in as pretty a rear as was ever done in a circus ring. The boy sat his perfectly—and not two feet behind him with the cranks all busily grinding, rolled an automobile full of moving picture men. Bill Hart's name is moving.

Among the first arrivals on Fifth avenue shortly after dawn were two elderly women. They ensconced themselves at the foot of a lamp post near Thirtieth street, seated on the curb and refused all efforts to get them to move. They wouldn't even get up when a policeman offered them a newspaper to sit on.

It was a lucky company that came to a rest in front of the American Tobacco Company's offices at Eighteenth street. There fell a shower of cigarettes in packages. Hundreds of packages fell between the ranks and those which were not snatched on bayonets of the men at rest were trampled under foot.

An elderly woman in the subway yesterday morning was struggling with a big box. Two polite boys offered to help her with it.

"Boys," she said, "I'd trust you any day but to-day. After the parade you can help me carry it home. But the lady's promise, her hopes and the box were shattered by the police after she had carried it all the way to Fifth avenue."

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DEAR FOLKS:

THINGS run in cycles of Six in the Wilson & Co. organization.

"Six" plays an important part in the business. There are six letters in the word WILSON. There are six vice-presidents—first aids to Mr. Wilson. That started the "Six" idea three years ago this month when Mr. Wilson gave his name and himself to the business. The workers considered it a good omen.

And one of the first things done after Mr. Wilson took hold was to adopt a slogan that would mean something and that would keep everybody on their toes to live up to it. The slogan selected was:

"The Wilson Label Protects Your Table."

Please note that there are six words in this slogan. They are very important words.

The next thing on the program was to develop a fine working spirit in the organization in which all should take part—workers and officials.

That was done at once. Please note that there are six letters in the word "spirit."

Now you have had six letters from me thus far in which I have dwelt mainly on the "spirit" that exists in the Wilson & Co. organization.

I think I have proved to you that the real foundation of a successful business must be built on the heart, the happiness, the loyalty, the integrity, the enthusiasm and the pride of its workers—coupled with the honest appreciation, recognition and cooperation of the head of the business and his official family.

The foundation of the Wilson & Co. business is built on these six principles, and that is why its slogan, "The Wilson Label Protects Your Table" means so much to the peoples of the world.

What would this slogan amount to if it did not have back of it the honest and sincere efforts of the official family and its twenty-five thousand loyal, earnest workers?

It would be a scrap of paper only and the world has had enough of "scraps of paper."

People want the real thing now. In food products they are getting it under the Wilson label. I am starting another series of six letters today in which I will treat on other angles of the Wilson & Co. business. I propose to stick to the "Six" idea. Please note that the word "angles" also consists of six letters.

What I mean by "angles" is this: I propose to show you, for instance, that the workers consider that their own honor is involved in producing foodstuffs that will justify the Company's slogan—which should be very reassuring to you when it comes to buying Wilson & Co. products.

I think it is great, myself, that the good, pure things to eat supplied by Wilson & Co. are backed up in their production by twenty-five thousand workers who recognize their individual responsibility and who would not, under any circumstances, either willfully or deliberately take part in sending out to their fellow human beings in all parts of the world imperfect or impure food products.

They would not do it on their consciences to do such a thing, and I know for I have talked with hundreds of them—many in every department of the business—and they are imbued with the spirit to give to the Company all they have of skill and care and loyalty and honor. Take as an illustration what a Russian workman employed in the Sausage Department said to me. I noticed his enthusiasm and the swiftness and skill with which he worked and asked him why he was so eager.

"Oh, I like to help make good things to eat," said he in broken English. "I eat 'em myself. I have wife and eight children, and I give 'em good food. Wilson things good eating. My wife and children they keep very well because they eat pure food. So do I. I like to work here. My boss there very good to me and to everybody. He makes us proud and to everybody. Nothing goes wrong here. We all very careful. We stand by Wilson label. Sausages that good under Wilson label are the very best I know. I put 'em. They very, very good."

Then he turned to me and taking a lead pencil and a piece of brown paper out of his pocket he wrote his name, the last name of which is the proverbial long Russian name. Then he drew his pencil through the last few letters and said: "Just lose 'em. Too many letters. Now have short American name. Soon going to be American citizen, too. And he smiled and went back to his work."

The true test in the production of food is when the worker is willing to eat what he produces. I saw with my own eyes how sausages are made—and I want to tell you that I now have a very much keener desire than ever before to eat sausages and griddle cakes for my Sunday morning breakfast.

Sincerely, William C. Freeman,
131 E. 23rd St., New York City.
—Advertisement.

Behind the Scenes of War

By PHILIP GIBBS

TEN Articles by the famous war correspondent.
The first will appear in The New York Times next Sunday.

Until the fighting ended censorship hid most of the strategies and failures of the war. Mr. Gibbs, in this new series of articles, will tell about the men who led Britain's armies and interpret their doings with a frankness hitherto impossible.

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